and the soothing influence of bird-music. How many fair ladies there are who can tell you the style of any musical composer, living or dead, but who know so little of God's sylvan performers, that they still believe Jenny Wren to be the wife of Cock Robin; and how many gentlemen exist who have heard and will remember every celebrated player upon wind or stringed instruments, who could not distinguish the song of Thrush from Blackbird. I do not venture to blame ladies or gentlemen when following the bent of their æsthetical tastes, but at the same time I do not hesitate to tell them, that in preferring man- to bird-music, they place the comparative before the superlative, and choose that which, from its artificial surroundings, is very often prejudicial to health, instead of that music which must be sought in the open country, and which, whilst entrancing with genuine melody, tends to develop a healthy mind in a healthy body. I would observe, too, that whatever the taste or age of the individual, it is certain to be gratified; for should the votary be young, and filled with all the aspirations and castle-building of youth, let him listen to the Skylark, Wren, or Hedge-sparrow, and his highest flights of imagination will be lost in wonder and praise. Is he of middle age, when experience has modified the visions of former years, let him be melted with the notes of the Woodlark, Blackbird, or Blackcap, and any tinge of disappointment or sadness will be lost in the round volumes of music; and should he be even of advanced years, *nunc exacta ætate*, the Robin, Wood-pigeon, and many others will make him feel, by their plaintive strains, that even the denizens of the wood show the warmest sympathy with man in his gradual descent towards the Silent Land:—

> "There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
> And as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleased
> With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave:
> Some chord in unison with what we hear
> Is touched within us, and the heart replies."

From the extreme joy I have ever found, and still do find, in observing the beautiful hues of birds, watching their amusing manners, and listening to their melodious songs, I do sincerely hope these few remarks may induce some of the readers of Science-Gossip to devote a part of their spare time to them, and taste a pleasure free from all alloy.—*Joseph Drew, Nansladron.*

Large Tortoiseshell (*Vanessa polychloros*), &c.—This butterfly, which is generally considered a rare insect in this neighbourhood, has been taken here (Norwich) in several instances this summer. I hear from several of my friends that they have taken specimens. One of them asserts that, whilst out walking a few miles from here, he saw over a dozen specimens, but not having his net with him, he was unable to capture any. Whilst out for a walk on Sunday, Aug. 13th, I saw a female alight on the trunk of an elm-tree; I had no net at the time, but approaching it cautiously, I succeeded in picking it off with my fore-finger and thumb, and it proved a very fine specimen. Scarcely had I secured it ere another specimen alighted on the very identical spot, which I, however, failed to capture. In the absence of a box, I pinned it inside my hat, and got it home in good condition. I also captured another specimen whilst out entomologizing on Aug. 16th. The generality of butterflies, I find, are scarce here this season; but I cannot help noticing the extraordinary abundance of the Large Cabbage (*Pieris Brassicæ*), the males by far outnumbering the females.—*R. Laddiman, St. Augustine's, Norwich.*

Deiopeia pulchella at Brighton.—While walking across a stubble-field to the west of Brighton, my brother from Cambridge, who is a non-entomologist, started an insect, which flew by and settled within a few feet of me. I was so struck with the appearance of the creature on the wing that I uttered an exclamation, "Why, that's a great rarity!" Any of your readers who have ever been in a similar situation will understand my wild excitement while a net was being taken from the pocket and fixed. It proved, upon being secured, to be a magnificent specimen of *D. pulchella*, which, judging from the brightness of its colouring, had but recently emerged. It was shown alive to several entomological and other friends, who were delighted to see so beautiful an insect alive. I forgot to mention it was taken at 10.15 a.m. Last evening my friend Mr. Goss called on me, bringing Mr. Gorringe, of Richmond-buildings, with him, who had that afternoon, about three o'clock, taken a specimen of *D. pulchella* on the Race Hill. It was still alive, but somewhat worn, as though it had been out some days. It is rather singular that on the last occasion when *Pulchella* was captured near Brighton, two were taken.—*T. W. Wonfor, Brighton, Sept.* 12, 1871.

The New Elephant Parasite.—Mr. Walker, in creating the genus *Idolocoris* for this insect, is apparently unaware that the name is already occupied, having been applied to a genus of Hemiptera Heteroptera by Messrs. Douglas and Scott, in their "British Hemiptera," published in 1865. As, of course, the same name cannot be used for two different genera in the same order (or, for that matter, in the class Insecta), *Idolocoris*, Walker, must give place to *Idolocoris*, D. & S., and some other generic name be used for the Elephant Parasite. I therefore propose the name *Phantasmocoris*. I should not have written to you on this subject had I not seen, from Mr. Richter's note in the September number, that the name *Idolocoris* has not been withdrawn.—*F. Buchanan White, M.D.*